



Brijlata

Tumhe Kuch Kehna Hai...?



GAURAV KUMAR
(बृजवासी)

BRIJLATA

बृजलता

— एक अधूरे जवाब की कहानी —

बृजवासी

Brijwasi

उसके लिए —

जो दो दिन में मिली,
सदियों की कहानी बन गई।

और उन सभी के लिए जिन्होंने किसी को
सही वक्त पर जवाब नहीं दे पाया।

ख्वाबों की दुनिया में हम खोते गए,
होश में थे फिर भी मदहोश होते गए,
जाने क्या जादू था उस अजनबी चेहरे में,
खुद को रोका बहुत, फिर भी उसके होते गए।

— बृजवासी

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This book is a **memoir-fiction**. While the names of the characters have been changed to protect privacy, the emotions and most of the events are based on real memories.

Unless otherwise stated, all original poems, verses, shayari, and prose contained in this book are the intellectual property and original works of the author, **Brijvaasi**.

Acknowledgements & References

At certain places in this book, references to, or interpretive adaptations of, lines, couplets, and songs by other writers and lyricists have been included. The copyrights to these original works remain the property of their respective authors, lyricists, publishers, and copyright holders. Such references have been used solely as tributes and for literary context. No original copyrighted work has been reproduced in full.

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About the Author

Brijvasi is a pen name that began as a joke but gradually became an identity. Raised among the timeless lanes of Banaras and the quiet companionship of books, the author believes that every person carries a story within them—it only takes the courage to put it into words.

Brijlata is the author's debut book: a tribute, a confession, and an attempt to complete an answer that was left unfinished. It is written for everyone who has lost someone they loved, yet continues to keep them alive through memories, words, and the enduring power of love.

"tumhe kuchh kahna hai?"

— Brijlata

BRIJLATA

Prologue

Mujhe nahi pata yeh kitaab kaise shuru karu.

Kai raaton se yehi soch raha hoon — kahani kahaan se shuru ho, kyunki jis insaan ke baare mein yeh likhi jaa rahi hai, woh ab sirf alfaazon mein bachi hai. Aur alfaaz, jaise bhi ho, kabhi kisi ki muskaan ka pura bhaar nahi utha sakte.

Mai *Brijwasi*. Yeh naam maine khud ko diya tha — ek mazaak mein, jab maine usse Kashi ki ek subah ke baare mein bataya tha. Mazaak waqt ke saath sach ban gaya, aur ab yehi naam is kitaab ke har panne par mera hai.

Uska naam *Brijlata* hai.

Yeh kahani sach hai. Itni sach ki kabhi-kabhi likhte waqt haath ruk jaate hain, kyunki kuch yaadein kaagaz par utarte hi dard dene lagti hain. Lekin maine khud se ek waada kiya hai — ki woh sirf meri yaadon mein nahi rahegi. Woh har us insaan ki yaad mein rahegi jo yeh kitaab padhega.

Yeh kahani sirf chand dinon ki hai. Itne kam din ki, agar kisi ko bataya jaaye toh shayad woh hass de — "sirf do-teen din mein pyaar?" Lekin pyaar dinon mein nahi naapa jaata. Kabhi-kabhi woh ek raat ki baaton mein hi poora ho jaata hai, aur kabhi saalon ki sang-saathi mein bhi adhoora reh jaata hai.

Humari kahani pehli tarah ki thi.

Isme good morning ke msg the, raat ki shayariyan thi, Garhwali ke woh teen-chaar shabd the jo usne mujhe sikhaye, ek shahar tha jisse usne kabhi dekha nahi, ek shahar tha jisse maine kabhi bhula nahi, aur ek sawaal tha jo woh har raat poochti thi —

"Tumhe kuchh kehna hai?"

Maine kabhi sahi waqt par jawaab nahi diya. Sochta tha, subah de doonga. Kal de doonga. Time hai abhi.

Phir ek raat aisi aayi jab maine pehli baar woh jawaab likhna shuru kiya — poora, sachha, bina kisi dikkat ke.

Aur jab tak woh jawaab poora hua.

...woh sunne ke liye wahaan thi hi nhi.

Yeh kitaab usi adhure jawaab ko poora karne ki koshish hai.

Yeh kitaab Brijlata ke liye hai — taaki duniya jaane ki woh kitni khoobsurat thi, kitni zinda thi, kitni masoom thi apni jealousy mein, kitni teji se kisi ko apna bana leti thi, aur kitni khamoshi se chali gayi.

Aur yeh kitaab thodi si meri bhi hai — us insaan ke liye jo hamesha der kar deta hai, har kaam mein, har baat mein, aur jisne is baar bhi der kar di.

Toh aao, tumhe Brijlata se milata hoon —

waise hi jaise mai usse mila tha.

Achanak se.

Kashi

Subah ka waqt tha jab uska message aaya — sirf teen shabd, lekin dil thoda sa dhak gaya:

"I am not well."

Maine turant likha — "aaj kya hua, Brijlata?" — ungliyaan thodi tezi se chal rahi thi screen par, jaise jaldi jawaab mil jaaye toh dard kam ho jaayega.

Uske jawaab mein bas chand second lage.

"aaj kaam wali aunty nahi aai hai toh sara kaam mujhe hi karna pad raha hai ghar mein sara saaman idhar-udhar bikhra hua hai"

Maine ek lambi saans li — aadhi rahat ki, aadhi muskaan ki. "Not well" ka matlab tabiyat nahi tha, ghar ka bikhraav tha. Lekin uski baat mein — text ki bhi apni awaaz hoti hai, agar dhyan se padho — ek thakaan thi jo sirf jhaadu-poncha se nahi aati. Woh aunty waise hi kam aati thi, aur jis din nahi aati, poora ghar uske ek jode kandhon par aa jaata.

Maine pehli baar dhang se socha ki uska ghar kaisa hoga.

Char log rehte the wahaan — woh, uska chhota bhai jo isi saal barahvi paas karke baitha tha aur CUET ka result aane ka intezaar kar raha tha jaise koi pehli baar samandar ke kinaare khada ho, aur unke mummy-papa. Uska semester break chal raha tha, bhai ka bhi — do log ek hi ghar mein, ek apne result ke darr mein doob raha, doosri sab kuch sambhal rahi.

Maine majaak mein likha — "main hi aa jaun kya safai karne..."

Jawaab aaya, bina ek second ki der ke:

"aa jao fir saath mein safai karte hain"

Itni saadi si line thi. Lekin kabhi-kabhi sabse saadi lines hi sabse zyada kuch keh deti hain — ki uske paas itni jagah thi mere liye, ki ek thaki hui, bikhri hui subah bhi usne mujhe apni taraf badhne se rokaa nahi.

Maine likha — "main bhi aaj Banaras hi jaa raha hu, kuchh apne kaam se..."

Banaras — duniya ka sabse purana shehar, mandiron ka shehar, jahan maine apni padhai ke teen saal bitaye the. Yeh

shehar ajeeb tarah se zinda hai. Log kehte hain yeh dheere chalta hai, lekin sach yeh hai ki yeh waqt ko apni speed se chalne hi nahi deta. Raat ko jab tum ghaaton ke kinaare baith jaoge, paani ki halki si awaaz aur diye ki lau ke beech, tumhe khud-ba-khud pata chal jayega ki Banaras tumhe apni ore khinch raha hai — bina kuchh kahe.

Ek gana mujhe yaad aa gaya, jisme kisi ne Bhojpuri boli ki meethaas ko misri se tola tha, aur kaha tha ki ek baar Banaras dekh lo, boli khud kaano mein ghul jaayegi. Vo gana aaise tha ‘mishri se mith lage, e bhojpur ke boli... ek baar banaras me aa ke ta dekha’. Sach mein, jab yahan ki boli sunta hoon, lagta hai shabd nahi, koi purana raag baj raha ho.

Us subah jab main kuchh kaam se

Banaras nikla, maine usse poocha:

"aap kabhi Banaras aai ho kya...?"

"nahi mai Delhi aur Uttarakhand chhodke kahin nahi gayi" —

jawaab seedha tha, jaise yeh kehna ki maine kabhi samandar nahi dekha.

"waise kyun poochh rahe ho...?"

"main Banaras hi aaya tha kuchh kaam

se... socha poochh hi leta hoon"

"tum Kashi gaye ho?"

Maine muskura kar likha —

"haan, Mahadev ki nagri Kashi mein Brijwasi nikal gaya"

(Yehi woh pal tha. Isi pal woh naam pehli baar shabdon mein utra tha — woh naam jo aaj is kitaab ke har panne par mera hai.)

"aaj ready rehna, hum log aaj virtual darshan karenge."

"thik hai" — itna chhota jawaab, lekin uske peeche ek intzaar tha, ek muskaan thi uske hothon per, mujhe pata tha.

Maine likha — "main soch raha hoon ki aap pure India travel karo, sirf UK nahi."

Kuch der tak koi jawaab nahi aaya. Jab aaya, toh usme sirf itna tha ki woh kitni khush thi — lekin mujhe woh khushi

text se bhi mehsoos ho rahi thi, jaise kisi ne usse pehli baar bataya ho ki uski duniya Dehradun se Delhi ki bus yatra tak hi simit nhi hai balki usse kahin badi ho sakti hai.

Phir maine use Banaras Hindu University ka ek chhota sa jhalak bhi dikhaya — sabse pehle wahi bada sa gate, jiske paar pura ek shehar jaisa vishwavidyalaya phaila hua hai. Gate ke theek saamne ek chauraha hai, jahan Pandit Madan Mohan Malviya ji ki ek murti khadi rehti hai.

— wahi insaan jisne is poore vishwavidyalaya ki neev rakhi thi, apni zindagi ka bada hissa laga kar, sirf is vishwas par ki shiksha hi sabse badi seva hai. Phir andar, Vishwanath Mandir, kaha jaye toh banaras me do viswanath maindir hai. Ek kashi me jo 12 jyotirling me se ek hai aur dushra BHU me.

Aur fir, sabse zaroori jagah — gate ke theek saamne wali woh dukaan, jiska samosa aur launglatta poore shehar mein mashhoor hai. Itna mashhoor ki uspar ek gana bhi bana hua hai, *‘khaib launglatta chal ke BHU ke gate per’*.

Maine bataya ki Banaras mein meri pehli subah ka nashta yahi kiya tha — kachori, sabzi, aur garam-garam jalebi, seedhi kadhui se nikal kar plate mein.

“itna achha hai kya banaras..!?”

"haan, tab kya."

"toh Brijwasi ji bataiye,

hum log wahan kya kya try karenge saath mein?"

"sab kar lenge, ek bhi cheez chhutna nahi chahiye."

"fir bhi, kya kya naam batao... khaane mein kya kya?"

"bahut item hai yaha Brijlata, tum khate khate thak jaogi par khana khatam nahi hoga."

Maine likha — "apni ungliyaan nikal lo aur mere saath ginte jao" — aur fir poori list khol di maine: subah subah kachori-sabzi aur jalebi se shuruaat, fir safed makkhan toast moti layer ke saath, dopahar mein margherita mushroom pizza, fir halka sa south Indian swaad, fir ravioli, uske baad mixed fruit lassi, garmi mein thandi frappe mocha with ice cream, aur akhir mein apple pie.

"arre bas bas, ek din mein itna sara?" — usne hairani se kaha, jaise maine kisi pure hapte ka khana ek din mein khila diya ho.

"bas sunte jao aur ginte jao, tab tumhe pata lagega Banaras

kya cheez hai." Fir shaam ki list bhi jod diya — tamatar

chaat, chura matar, palak chaat, pura spicy golgappa,

watermelon thandai, aur kuchh der baad Banaras ka sabse mashhoor malaiyo, jo shayad sirf jaade mein milta hai, nahi toh malai lassi aur VT ka cold coffee toh hamesha hai.

Lekin jis kaam ke liye main waqai Banaras aaya tha, uska office paas aa chuka tha.

"pata hai, aapse baat karte karte yahan kab aa gaya, samay ka pata hi nahi chala," maine likha. "hum aapko kuchh cheezein shaam mein darshan karate hai, abhi ke liye vishram kariye."

"aap bhi apna kaam jaldi khatam kariye," usne likha.

Itni si line thi, lekin uske peeche woh saaf jhalak raha tha ki woh ek pal bhi baat kiye bina nahi reh paati — aur fir bhi, jitna intezaar karna padta tha, karti thi, bina shikayat ke.

Shaam dhalne lagi to main ghaat ki taraf nikal gaya. Train raat ki thi, aur haathon mein abhi thoda waqt baaki tha. Ganga ke kinaare diye jal rahe the, paani sunheri ho gaya tha, aur ghat per ganga aarti itna accha tha ki main usme itna kho gaya ki phone ki taraf dhyan hi nahi gaya — jab dekha, battery teen pratishat thi, aur charger ghar bhool aaya tha.

Koi msg nahi ja saka.

Train mein chadhne ke baad, kisi anjaan sahyatri se thoda sa charge maanga, aur jab phone itna jaaga ki msg bhej sakoon, raat ho chuki thi.

"itna late, kaun sa kaam karne gaye the? ya kahin aur busy ho gaye the?" — jawaab itni tezi se aaya ki lagta tha woh phone haath mein hi liye baithi thi.

Mujhe pata chal gaya tha ki ladli ka gussa bahut tez hai. Lekin sach yeh tha ki mera phone bhi purana ho gya, battery nahi tikta tha ab, aur charger main ghar hi bhool aaya tha — yeh baat usse kaise samjhaata.

"areh nahi nahi, kisi ke saath busy nahi tha. bas mere mobile ki battery pehle jitni nahi tikti ab."

"chalo theek hai, ek msg toh kar dena chahiye tha na."

"galti ho gayi madam ji."

"ruko, train mein hu toh network theek se nahi chal raha —

abhi ke liye good night Brijlata."

"good night Brijwasi ji, dhyan rakhna apna. hum log subah

milte hain."

"khwabon mein kyun nahi..." maine kaha

"achha theek hai, khwabon mein hi milte hain. good night."

Phir, jaise har baar, ek sawaal aaya jo ab tak hawa mein lataakta rehta tha:

"tumhe kuchh kahna hai?"

Is baar, pehli baar, maine talne nahi diya. Aur maine uske jawab me kaha...

*itni achhi kyun nahi lagti mujhe haqiqat mein
jitna khwabon mein aati achhi lagti ho
itna haseen hokar bhi aakhir kaun na itraaye
tum itrao — tum itraati achhi lagti ho, Brijlata
— Brijwasi*

Kuch der tak koi reply nahi aaya. Jab aaya, to sirf itna tha:

"bas bas Brijwasi ji, itna na bolo ki mujhe neend na aaye
aaj raat ko, aur aapke hi khayalon mein doobi rahu."

"hehehe, theek hai, shubhratri Brijlata.

khwabon mein milte hain."

"theek hai." usme kaha

Suron Ki Parchhayi

Pichli raat itni baatein hui thi ki main thaka hua, lekin khush, so gaya tha. Subah jab aankh khuli, kuchh alag sa lag raha tha — jaise raat poori tarah neend mein nahi, kisi aur duniya mein guzri ho. *Khwabon* mein bhi woh thi, aur jaagte hue *khayalon* mein bhi — do alag jagah, ek hi chehra.

Usi waqt ek khayal aaya, jise maine likh liya:

*Khwabon ki duniya mein hum khote gaye,
hosh mein the fir bhi madhosh hote gaye,
jaane kya jadoo tha us ajnabi chehre mein,
khud ko roka bahut, fir bhi uske hote gaye...*

— *Brijwasi*

Kabhi-kabhi sochta hoon, jab do log apni poori soul ke saath ek doosre se jud jaate hain, shayad ishq yehi hota hai — do logon ka milan, nahi, do roohon ka, do chetnaon ka milan.

Ek pahadi gaana tha jo woh mujhse baar-baar gawana chahti thi —

"aankhon ka baan na chalo." Mujhe kabhi samajh nahi aaya is gaane se uska itna lagaav kyun tha; woh kabhi batati nahi

thi, sirf chup ho kar taal deti thi. Shayad yeh raaz uski Garhwali dost ko hi pata tha. Kuchh raaz waise hi rehne diye jaate hain, bina pooche.

Phir maine dekha — usne good morning ke saath ek gaana bhi *dedicate* kiya tha,

"Mere Khwaabon Mein Jo Aaye," wahi Dilwale Dulhania Le Jayenge wala, jisme Lata ji ki awaaz mein koi apne khwabon mein aane wale ek ajnabi se poochti hai ki woh kaun hai, kahan rehta hai, aur use kehti hai ki neend churana band kare, magar saamne aana band na kare.

Aur vo gana aaise hai ki:-

*“kaisa hai, kaun hai wo jaane kahaan hai
Jiske liye mere hothhon pe haan hai
Apna hai ya begaana hai wo
Sach hai ya koi afasaana hai wo
Dekhe ghur ghur ke, yun hi dur dur se
Us se kaho meri neend na churaaye*

*Mere khwabon mein jo aaye
Aa ke mujhe chhed jaaye
Us se kaho kabhi saamane to aaye
Mere khwabon mein jo aaye”*

Maine ek pal socha — pichli raat jab main apne khwabon mein uske saath baatein kar raha tha, woh bhi shayad apni khwabon ki duniya mein kahin meri hi taraf chal rahi thi. Khushi ka thikana nahi tha. Jaisa main soch raha tha, waisa hi woh bhi soch rahi thi — jaise hum dono kisi anjaani dor se jude hue the.

"batao Brijwasi ji, woh kaun sa gaana hai jo tumhe meri yaad dilata hai...?" usne poocha. "ya woh kaunsa gaana hai jisko sunte hi mera khayal aata hai?"

Uske dedicated gaane ke baad, mujhe bhi kuchh achha hi sunana tha.

"toh mujhe apne andaaz mein batana hoga ki woh kaunsa gaana hai jo mujhe meri Brijlata ki yaad dilata hai," maine likha.

"haan bilkul, mujhe tumhare andaaz mein hi jawaab chahiye," usne likha. "mujhe copy-paste jawaab pasand nahi."

Toh maine usse koi gaana nahi bataya. Maine ek kavita likhi, aur khud ke kavita jawaab diya:-

Suro Ki Parchhai

Kya ho agar mai kahu ki,
gaane sunte hi mai tumhe khojta hoon,
har bol me tumhari kalpana,
har dhun me tumhari parchhai.

Tumhari kahi hui baatein
yaadon ki tarah nahi,
khwaabon ki tarah chali aati hain.

Kya ho agar mai kahu
ki har taal, har lay
tumhari saanson ka saaz ban jaati hai,
jisme mai khud ko bhool jaata hoon.

Kya ho agar mai kahu ki,
gungunaane ki wajah tum ho.
Kya ho agar mai kahu ki,
muskuraane ki wajah tum ho.

Agar mai kahu ki,
mujhe pasand hai har woh dhun
jis par tum jhoom uthti ho,
woh befikr khilkhilaahat,
jise tum hawaon me gholti ho.

Agar mai kahu ki,
mujhe woh raag pasand hai
jo tumhari jheel-si aankhon se baraste hain.

Aakhirkaar mai, sach me keh hi doon
ki mujhe tumhare hothon se
gungunaaye hue shabd hi sangeet lagte hain,
ek nayi mehfil lagte hain,
ek nayi duniya lagte hain...
to uska kya...?

—Brijwasi

Yeh sun kar Brijlata ke chehre par chuppi aa gayi thi. Woh bata nahi paayi ki use kya mehsoos hua. Woh us waqt sirf khaamosh thi — lekin kuchh khaamoshiyan kisi bhi jawaab se zyada keh deti hain.

Meri Personal Tutor

Bahut saari baatein hui thi us raat — itni lambi ki main seedha good night wale msg par hi aa gaya tha. Usi raat maine 'good night' ki jagah jaan buch kar 'good nyt' likha tha.

"night ki spelling galat hai," usne jhatke se kaha.

"haan, yeh maine jaan ke galat likha hai," maine bola,

hansi mein.

"aise hi karte- karte phir galat insaan ban gaye toh,"

usne kaha.

(Yeh line aaj bhi mere zehen mein ghoomti rehti hai. Kaun aaj-kal itni chhoti baat ka itna khayal rakhta hai. Woh meri har chhoti galtiya sudharne ki koshish karti thi, jaise mujhe har kadam par behtar banana uska khud ka kaam ho.)

Woh meri English ki bhi tutor ban gayi thi, bina kisi ne use yeh zimmedari di. Yeh kuchh din pehle ki baat hai, jab maine uski tareef karte hue likha tha:-

"Brijlata you are 'supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.'" "you can proud on yourself, koi toh hai naam dene wala is gulab ko."

"'you can be proud of yourself' hoga," vo grammar sudhaate huye boli, bina kisi judgement ke.

"tumhari grammar bhi theek karni hai mujhe," usne joda.

"ab kal se meri coaching lagao aap," maine likha.

"I think from tomorrow we should talk in English only. Aur haan, *dil ki baat main Hindi mein hi kahunga*."

"are bas bas, main samajh gayi," usne hansi mein likha. "sikha dunga aapko."

Mujhe itna achha laga yeh sunkar ki bata nahi sakta. Is duniya mein, jahan log ek galti par turant judge kar dete hain, koi tha jo bina kisi shikayat ke, bina kisi mazaak ke, sirf sudharne ke liye taiyaar tha. Koi doosra hota toh shayad seedha keh deta — "yeh insaan toh itni galtiyan karta hai" — aur baat wahin chhod deta. Lekin woh aisi nahi thi. Woh khaas thi, kuchh alag thi, uski baaton se saaf jhalak rha tha.

"badle mein kya milega madam ji ko," usne hansi mein poocha.

"maang kar toh dekhiye... guru dakshina mein," maine likha.

"kya maangu?"

"abhi mat maango," maine likha.

"dheere-dheere khud pata lag jayega aapko."

"time dekhi Brijwasi ji," usne likha.

"time bahut zyada ho gaya hai."

Phir hum dono ne good night kaha aur vishram ki ore chal diya. Sone se pehle ek line likhna mera tareeka ban chuka tha — woh line jo har raat hum dono ko khwabon mein milati thi:

*Ye raat bhi kya raat hai,
har raat mein aapki yaad hai,
jis raat mein aapki yaad nahi...
woh raat bhi mujhe yaad nahi.*

— Brijwasi

Garhwal Ki Boli

Subah jab bhi shuru hoti, ek tareeka tay tha — woh hamesha pehle bolti thi, "good morning." Mujhe jagne mein hamesha thodi der ho jaati thi, jaise neend mujhe usse thoda zyada pyaar karti ho.

Hamari baatein kahin bhi khatam hone ka naam nahi leti thi. Good night kehne ke baad bhi, baatein chalti rehti thi — itni gehri ki samajh hi nahi aata tha is rishte ko kya naam diya jaaye. Sirf do-teen din mein itni gehrayi shayad hi kabhi kisi anjaan ke saath hoti hai. Aisa lagta tha jaise hum dono ek doosre ko kayi mahinon se jaante hon.

Ek subah, jab main uthna chahta tha aur uth nahi paaya, uska good morning ka msg pehle hi aa chuka tha. Mere uthne mein hi akshar dopahar ho jaati thi.

"itna late uthte ho?" usne likha.

"jaldi soya karo raat ko, aur jaldi utha karo. aur thoda padh bhi liya karo. aise hi... din bhar masti achha nahi hota."

Mujhe agree toh karna hi tha — nahi toh daant padne mein der nahi lagti.

Usi din se maine daily kitaabein padhna shuru kiya, aur bhi achhi aadatein dalna shuru kar diya. Kahin padha tha — *“The right person will not make you fall in love with them, the right person will make you fall in love with yourself”*

Shayad yahi Brijlata thi.

Ek din usne bataya ki use online koi mila hai jo CAT ki taiyari kar raha hai, aur usi pal yeh bhi bataya ki woh khud bhi aage MBA karna chahti hai. Abhi woh B.Com kar rahi thi, Hindu College, Delhi University se — jahan uski sirf ek hi dost thi, jo Uttarakhand se thi, aur usi ne use Garhwali sikhayi thi. Itni meethi bhasha ki uska bayaan karna mushkil hai.

Ek din hum dono ne thodi der Garhwali mein bhi baat ki.

"Meru man har bakhat teri yaad ma basyu raind" usne likha.
"Zindagi bhar teru haath pakdi rainu meru sabse bado sapna chha."

"aur bhi hai, sochne do..." usne kaha.

Main wahin intezaar karta raha, uski bhasha ko dheere-dheere samjhne ki koshish karta raha — itni meethi boli ki

bayaan karna mushkil tha. Sochne lagaa ki pahadon mein rehne wale log kitne haseen honge, kitne pyare — shayad sirf pyaar ki bhasha jaante honge, nafrat, irshya, krodh se unka koi vaasta hi nahi hoga.

Tabhi 'Laila-Majnu' film yaad aayi thi, jisme Majnu ek baar kehta hai, "pahaadon ke us paar wali duniya..." — kya waise koi duniya sach mein hoti hai? Aur agar hoti hai, toh us duniya ke log kitne prem-bhaav se rehte honge.

Phir Brijlata ne apne soche hue shabd bataye:

*"Main taini bahut pyaar kardu,
aur yo pyaar kadey kam ni houn."*

"let me tell some lines for you," maine likha.

*"Mero mann daag khali tero khyal bati raun.
Mi taini bhaut pyaar kardu.
Ab mi teru haath kabe ni chhodlu."*

"yeh Uttarakhand wale log kitne pyare hain na," maine kaha.
"haan bahut zyada," usne likha. "main Uttarakhand gayi hoon apne friend ke ghar."

Maine bhi bataya ki main Uttarakhand gaya hoon — Haridwar, Rishikesh, Mussoorie, aur bhi kayi jagah. "Uttarakhand ko toh India ka dil kaha gaya hai," maine likha, "lekin wahan toh sab mujhe Hindi hi bolte mile."

"log dono bhashayein bolte hain wahan," usne samjhaaya.

"suno Brijlata," maine likha,
"ab is Brijwasi ko Mahadev ki nagri *Kashi* chhodkar Dev Bhoomi — *Uttarkashi* ke bharaman par nikalna chahiye. main bhi toh milun pahadon ke us paar wale logon se."

"main nahi chal sakti kya?" usne poocha.

"ab Brijwasi ke saath Brijlata na ho toh shayad safar adhura hi rahega hamara."

"haan wahi toh main bol rahi hoon," usne likha.

"mujhe bhi apne saath le chalo, brijwasi ji"

"ticket aaj ka book karoon ya kal ka?"

Woh haste hue boli, "kar lo, tumhare upar depend hai kab le jaoge."

"suno Brijwasi ji," usne likha, "mujhe speech class ke liye late ho raha hai, toh main jaa rahi hoon. byee."

"good night Brijlata," maine likha.

"night nahi hai pagal, day ho raha hai," usne hans kar likha.

"agar tum baat band kar do, toh

mere liye toh night hi hua na."

"haan theek hai," usne likha,

"good night."

Sapno Ka Hissedaar

Jab usne bataya ki woh aage
MBA karegi, maine poocha —
"uske baad?"

"kahin job karungi" usne likha.

"mere company mein resume submit kar dena," maine
majaak mein kaha.

"mere college ka average package 30-40 LPA hai," usne
likha. "aapke job mein usse zyada milega?"

"tab tum mere company ka share le lena — 50-50."

"nhi mujhe pura share chahiye," usne hans kar likha.

"tab aapko kuchh aur role dena padega." maine likha

"hehehe, zaroor," usne likha — aur main jaanta tha ki woh us
pal blush gayi thi.

Phir maine usse apna ek project dikhaya. Usne poocha is
project ka kaam kya hai, aur maine use sab samjhaya.

"tum aur bhi projects banao Brijwasi," usne likha.

"tum bahut aage jaoge. I'll support you at every point."

Itni achhi tareef koi kaise kar leta hai, mujhe aaj tak samajh
nahi aaya.

Khwabon Ki Duniya

Good morning aur good night — dono hi haseen tha hamlog ka, lekin good night ki baat hi alag thi. Wahi waqt tha jab hum khwabon, khayalon mein milne ka wada kar lete the.

Jab bhi good night kehna hota, ek sher meri taraf se zaroor aata. Kabhi yeh:

*Khwabon ki duniya mein hum khote gaye,
hosh mein the fir bhi madhosh hote gaye,
jaane kya jadoo tha us ajnabi chehre mein,
khud ko roka bahut, fir bhi uske hote gaye...*

(yehi panktiyan kisi subah bhi mere khayalon mein aayi thi — shayad yehi mera sabse pasandida sher ban gaya tha.)

Kabhi yeh:

*Neend se kya shikwa
jo aati nahi raat bhar,
kasoor toh us chehre ka hai
jo sone nahi deta...*

Aur kabhi koi aur — har raat ek naya sher, jaise mere paas unke liye kabhi kami nahi padti thi.

Ek gaana bhi tha jo hum aksar sunte the, jiska matlab kuchh aisa tha ki neend akele nahi aati, khwabon mein aa jaao, tumhare bina chal nahi sakunga, tum mera sahaara bano. Woh gaana raat ko aur gehra bana deta tha.

Vo gana kuchh aaise tha:-

*“Mujhe neend aati nahi hai akele
Khwabon mein aaya karo*

*Nahi chal sakunga tumhare bina main
Mera tum sahaara bano*

*Ek tumhein chahne ke alaawa
Aur kuch humse hoga nahi*

*Bol do na zara
Dil mein jo hai chhipa
Main kisi se kahunga nahi”*

Jaate-jaate, woh ek line zaroor kehti, har baar:

"tumhe kuchh kahna hai...?"

"kuchh kahna hai kya aapko?"

"aur kuchh...?"

Kabhi-kabhi main is sawaal par chup ho jaata.

Aisa hi ek din, maine uska sawaal khud usi se poochh liya.

"tumhe kuchh kahna hai?" main sone jaa raha hoon..."

"mujhe kuchh nahi kahna hai," usne likha.

"aapko kahna hai toh boliye, main yahin hoon."

Fir main chup ho gaya. Sannata.

Mujhe laga, shayad usko sirf baatein sunna pasand tha —
apni taraf se kahna nahi, sunna zyada.

Us sannate ke baad, usne dobara poochha:

"kuchh kahna hai...?"

Maine likha:

Mai agar kahu...

Tum sa haseen kaaynaat me nahi hai kahin,

Taareef ye bhi to sach hai... kuch bhi nahi.

Woh hamesha hamari baaton par khilkhila jaati thi. Is baar bhi.

Pasandida phool Lily

Uske andar ek jealousy thi, jise woh chhupati nahi thi.

"tum aur ladkiyon se baat mat karo,"
usne ek din seedhe-seedhe keh diya. *"kyun karte ho?"*
main hoon na tumhare paas."

Mujhe achha laga yeh sunkar — kisi ko itna fikar hona, itni seedhi baat keh dena, bina kisi nakhre ke.

Use baalon mein phool lagana pasand tha. Sab phool achhe lagte the use, lekin sabse zyada pasand tha lily.

Aur khane mein — butterscotch ice cream, aur mushroom masala. Choti-choti baatein, lekin yehi toh thi jo use poori tarah dikhati thi.

Main uska personal aur premium chef hone wala tha — yeh main kaha tha, hansni mein.

Ek baar maine apni haathon se banayi hui do tarah ki mango ice cream bhi dikhaya tha.

Lekin mai do aur naye prakar ke ice-cream ka idea bhi share

kiya usse se jo banana bahut aasan tha.

Yeh pahla tareeka hai aam ki ice cream banane ka... aur yakeen maaniye, isme jo asli aam ka swaad aata hai na, woh kisi market wali ice cream se compare hi nahi ho sakta.

Sabse pehle ek achha, paka hua aur meetha aam lijiye. Use paani se achhe se dho lijiye, taaki uski saari dhool-mitti saaf ho jaaye. Phir aaram se uska chhilka utariye. Chhilka hatte hi jo chamakta hua, ras se bhara hua peela gudda nazar aane lagta hai, wahi toh is recipe ki jaan hai.

Ab us gudde ko kisi glass mein nikaal lijiye. Agar aapke paas use-and-throw wala plastic glass ho toh aur bhi achha, kyunki baad mein usme se ice cream nikalna kaafi aasan ho jaata hai. Lekin agar woh na ho, toh tension ki koi baat nahi... ghar ka koi bhi normal glass bhi theek rahega.

Ab us aam ke gudde ko ek katori mein daal dijiye aur ek chamach ki madad se dheere-dheere mash karna shuru kijiye. Itna bhi nahi ki woh bilkul liquid ban jaaye. Bas itna ki uske chhote-chhote soft pieces toot kar ek creamy texture bana dein. Thode se aam ke tukde reh jaayein, toh wahi asli maza dete hain.

Ab ek doosri chhoti katori lijiye. Usme apne swaad ke hisaab se thodi si chini daliye. Chamach se use halka sa crush kar dijiye, phir usme thoda sa paani daal kar achhe se mila lijiye.

Dheere-dheere chini paani mein ghul jaayegi aur ek meetha sa syrup taiyar ho jaayega.

Ab is meethi chashni ko aam ke mashed pulp mein daal dijiye. Chamach se aaram se milaiye, taaki har chamach mein aam aur mithaas dono barabar ghul jaayein.

Agar aapke paas mixer ya grinder ho, toh kaam aur bhi jaldi ho jayega. Bas aam ka gudda daaliye, chini daaliye, ek baar blend kijiye... aur mixture ready.

Lekin sach bataun? Machine ka kaam apni jagah hai, par haathon se aam ko mash karne ki jo baat hai na... woh alag hi hoti hai. Chamach chalate waqt aam ki khushboo mehsoos karna, uske soft pulp ko dheere-dheere creamy bante dekhna... us process mein ek apnapan hota hai. Aisa lagta hai jaise recipe sirf ban nahi rahi, balki usme thoda sa pyaar bhi ghul raha ho.

Ab is taiyar mixture ko wapas glass mein bhar dijiye aur raat bhar ke liye fridge ke freezer mein rakh dijiye.

Aur phir...

Subah jab freezer khulega, toh saamne hoga ek bilkul natural, homemade mango ice cream. Na koi artificial colour, na koi fake flavour. Sirf asli aam ki meethi khushboo, uska creamy texture, aur har bite mein summer ka ehsaas.

Ek chamach muh mein jaate hi lagega jaise poori paka hua aam thandak ban kar pighal raha ho...

Bas phir kya... subah hogi, aur asli mango flavour ke saath tabahi hi tabahi!

Yeh dushri bhi hai aam ke liye hi.

Raat ko sabse pehle ek achha sa paka hua aam lijiye. Use saaf paani se achhe se dho lijiye, taaki uske upar lagi dhool ya gandagi nikal jaaye. Ab is baat ka zaroor dhyan rakhiye ki aam meetha aur naturally paka hua ho.

Aajkal kai baar aam ko chemicals se jaldi pakaya jaata hai. Aise aam dekhne mein toh sundar lagte hain, lekin unka swaad utna khaas nahi hota. Kabhi-kabhi halka kadwapan ya ajeeb sa taste bhi aa jaata hai, jo poore flavour ka maza kharab kar deta hai.

Isliye agar aam kharidte waqt thoda waqt laga kar ek meetha aur achhi quality ka aam chun lenge, toh uska reward agle din har bite mein mehsoos hoga.

Ab us aam ko bina chhile, seedha refrigerator mein rakh dijiye. Puri raat woh dheere-dheere thanda hota rahega. Uska ras aur bhi refreshing lagne lagega, aur subah tak uski texture mein ek alag hi softness aa jaayegi.

Phir aayegi ek *chill morning*...

Subah fridge kholiye aur thanda-thanda aam bahar nikaliye. Khane se pehle use ek baar phir se running water ke neeche dho lijiye. Yeh ek chhoti si aadat hai, lekin safai ke liye

hamesha achhi rehti hai.

Ab uska lagbhag 50–60% chhilka hata dijiye. Pura chhilka nikalne ki zarurat nahi. Bas itna ki use haath mein pakadna bhi aasan rahe aur seedha bite lena bhi.

Aur phir...

Pehla bite lijiye.

Jaise hi woh thanda, ras se bhara hua aam muh mein pighlega, aapko ek pal ke liye lagega ki aap koi premium mango ice cream kha rahe hain. Na kisi artificial essence ki zarurat, na sugar, na blender, na freezing molds.

Sirf ek naturally chilled mango...

...jo apne asli flavour ke saath itna creamy lagta hai ki har bite mein ice cream wali feeling aati hai.

Kabhi-kabhi nature hi sabse achhi dessert chef hoti hai.

Ice Cream + Mango = Pure Happiness.

Yeh recipe kuchh khaas nahi kaha tha, bas itna ki ek normal aam khane se yeh tareeka kahin zyada achha tha.

I Like You

Usne kabhi mujhse meri ek tasveer maangi thi. Main baaton mein itna khoya raha ki bhej hi nahi paaya — phir baat aage badh gayi, aur woh maang wahin reh gayi, jaise kayi chhoti khwahishein reh jaati hain, sirf is liye ki hum sochte hain "abhi nahi, fir kabhi."

Us raat bahut der ho chuki thi, lekin uska msg phir bhi aaya:

"Good morning Brijwasi ji."

"good night ho raha hai," maine likha, hans kar.

"maine good morning kaha toh good morning, bas baat khatam," usne zid ki.

"theek hai, jaisa tum bolo," maine likha. "tum bolo din, toh din hai. tum bolo raat, toh raat hai. tum bolo kuchho nahi hai toh, kuchho nahi hai."

"good boy, ab hue na tum achhe bachche," usne likha, aur main jaanta tha ki woh muskura rahi thi screen ke us paar.

Phir maine wahi sawaal usi par palat diya,

jis par main hamesha chup ho jaata tha:-

"tumhe kuchh kahna hai...?"

kuchh kahna hai kya aapko?

aur kuchh...?"

Kuchh pal ke liye koi jawaab nahi aaya.

"ab kya," usne likha.

*"I love you bhi bol du kya? tum so jao aur mujhe bhi
sone do, bas."*

Dil ek pal ke liye ruk gaya, phir tez chalne lagaa.

"raat mein yeh sab mat boliye aap," maine likha,
jaldi se, jaise koi cheez sambhal raha hoon.

"mera neend-chain udd jaayega. fir khayalon mein,
khwabon mein, khwahishon mein aap hi chalne lagogi.
aur is 'I love you' ko bacha kar rakhiye — subah ke liye."

Kuchh second ka sannata aaya. Phir:

"oyyee *Brijwasi*."

"suno."

"*I like you.*"

"*bas us ladki se baat mat karna, warna jaan se maar dalungi.*"

Main wahin baitha reh gaya, phone haath mein liye, aur kuchh der tak mujhe samajh hi nahi aaya ki yeh kya tha — pyaar ka izhaar tha ya dhamki, ya dono ek saath.

Kisi aur tarike se shayad koi aur ladki yeh baat kabhi keh hi nahi paati — itni seedhi, itni nidar, itni apni. Mujhe *tareef* karne ke liye shabd hi nahi mil rahe the.

Maine jawaab diya, jaisa hamesha karta tha — kavita mein:

*ki sitaron se bhari raatein pasand hai humein,
door se hi sahi magar aapki baatein pasand hai humein,
waise toh tareef ke kabil aapki har ek adaa hai,
magar aapki aankhen thodi zyada pasand hai humei.*

—Brijwash

"*good night Brijlata*" maine likha.

"*ab khwabon mein milte hain.*"

"**ruko**" usne likha. "*abhi thoda aur baat karo. phir hum dono sapno aur khwabon mein baat karenge.*"

Main thodi der ke liye paani peene chala gaya — apni aatma ki tripti ke liye. Jab aisi baatein ho rahi hon, toh ek sareef ladke ka gala na sookhe, yeh bhi toh dekhna padta hai.

"*are kahan gaye yaar*" usne likha jab main wapas aaya. "tum bhi na, baat karte karte kahan chale jaate ho.

I'm just asking--do you like me or not, bas yeh kah do.

Tumhe bolna hoga — tumne kaha tha na, tum meri saari baatein manoge."

Jawaab toh dena hi tha. Is baar bhi maine apna jawab kuchh aasi panktiyo se diya:-

*“jo hosh uda gaye pal bhar mein,
woh ek aam insaan hi toh hai,
ab kya uske ishaaron ko padhne baithein hum,
hamein aur zaroori kaam bhi toh hai,
aur yun toh main kar doon **izhaar sar-e-aam** mein,
lekin mujhe **sareef hone ka ilzaam** bhi toh hai”*

—Brijwashi

"good night Brijlata," maine likha.

"aao khwabon ki duniya mein chalte hain."

"haan bilkul, Brijwasi ji," usne likha.

Phir, jaise har baar, wahi sawaal:

"aapko kuchh kahna hai?" usne likha

"abhi thoda thak gaya hoon main aaj," maine likha.

"toh so jao aap," usne likha.

"jaate hue yeh sun kar jao."

Aur usne wahi gaana phir bheja — wahi jo usne sabse pehle bheja tha,

Aur vo lata ji ka gana tha:-"Mere Khwaabon Mein Jo Aaye,"

*“Use kahon meri neend na churaye
Mere khwaabon mein jo aaye
Aake mujhe chhed jaaye
Use kahon kabhi saamne to aaye
Mere khwaabon mein jo aaye”*

"byeee byeee fictional man," usne likha.

"mat bhejo apni tasveer.

I'll accept you jaise bhi tum ho.

tumhari soul bahut pure hai."

Maine woh tasveer kabhi nahi bheji.

Chand Se Behtar

Us din usne mujhse poochha — "main kaisi lagti hoon tumhe?"

Koi aam insaan hota toh kya kehta — achhi lagti ho, bahut khoobsurat lag rahi ho, mast lag rahi ho. Itna boring, itna ghisa-pita jawaab kisi bhi ladki ko diya jaa sakta hai. Lekin Brijlata jaisi khaas ladki ko khaas jawaab hi milna chahiye tha.

Maine likha:

*mujh shayar se na poochho ki kaisi lagti ho,
mujhe tum har khoobsurat nazm
aur kavitaon se behtar lagti ho...
aur baaki shayaron ne likha hoga
apni premika ko chand jaisa,
aaye Brijlata, **tum chand se behtar lagti ho.***

— Brijwasi

Woh sun kar hairaan thi. Sayad uske paas jawab nhi na bacha ho. ya fir hakiqat ke liye such me chhat per gai hogi chand se tulna karne ke liye.

Haal Kaisa Hai

Is poori kahani ki shuruaat se ek baat kehni hai — main ek khoobsurat si ladki se achanak mila tha, aur woh baatein kuchh aisi karti thi jaise main *khwabon mein* ji raha hoon. Itni baatein shayad maine pehle kabhi nahi ki thi.

Hadon paar baat ho rahi thi — subah, shaam, raat, dopahar, har waqt, aur woh bhi gehri baatein — waade, shart, haq, niyam, ishq, bahut sara sab kuchh.

Main bhi uski in bhavnaon mein bahta chala jaa raha tha. Anjaam ka poora hisaab tha humein.

anjaam ka humein bhi hisaab tha,

bas mohabbat mein haar jaana

ek khwaab tha,

aapko kya lagta hai,

main be-khabar tha...?

main toh khud apni

barbaadi ke safar me tha.

Uski taraf se be-shumaar ishq tha, toh meri taraf se bhi kam nahi hua. Main bhi karta chala gaya, bahta chala gaya.

Pehle din raat mein halki baatein hui thi, fir baat aage badhi. Mujhe usse alag hi vibes aati thi — kabhi yeh feel hi nahi hua ki woh ek ajnabi hai. *Good night kehne ke baad bhi baatein chalti rehti thi.* Agle din poori baat hui. Aur us raat mujhe realise hua — kaise kisi ko itni jaldi pyaar ho sakta hai, woh bhi sirf do din mein.

Main bhi apni philosophical side se baat kar raha tha, woh bhi. Uski baaton se mujhe lagta hi tha ki woh dev-doot hai — *pari hai, angel, butterflies jaisi koi cheez.*

Maine yeh baat apne ek dost ko bhi batayi — kaise kisi ko do din mein pyaar ho sakta hai, woh bhi ladki ki taraf se. Khud ko dilasa dene ke liye usse yeh bhi bol diya —

*"do din mein aayi hai,
do din mein chali jayegi."*

Aur usse yeh bhi kaha ki, shayad uska plan yeh toh nahi ki woh mujhe *palkon par baitha rahi hai, sirf nazron se girane ke liye.*

Yeh baatein sach kaise ho gayi,
mujhe zara sa bhi andaaza nahi tha.

Phir, *aakhri raat* ki baat hai, usne kaha:

"*tum achhi baatein nahi kar sakte kya...?*
tum achhe ladke ho, *pure soul wale*.
yeh sab tum par achha nahi lagta."

Usne mujhse kaha — "kam se kam yeh toh poochh sakte the na ki:

“tumhara haal-chaal kya hai...?
tum kaisi ho...?
aaj ka din kaisa gaya...?”

Maine usse sab poochha —
kaisi ho...?
din kaisa gaya..?
kya kar rahi ho...?
Jaisa usne kaha tha, waisa hi poochha.

(I want to love her in the way she wanted to be loved)

Maine likha:-
"maine aapka haal poochha — aur aap sirf '**badhiya**' bol kar chhod di.
kya main sach mein maan loon ki aapka haal badhiya hoga...?

maine poochha: kaisi ho? aap:- ***bahut achhi***.

sach kitna hai in baaton mein —
kya main aapke sach se waaqif nahi hoon —
ki kaise chhupaya jaa raha hai such ko.

Maine puchha: kaisa raha aaj ka din? aap: isme bhi — ***bahut achha***." Sirf itna kah kr chhod di

Aaj tak kisi ne kaha hai ki "nahi, theek nahi hai haal mera"
ya kuchh lamba-chauda sa jawaab diya ho? Yahan log in
sawalon ko normalise kar dete hain, aur sabke liye ek hi
copy-paste jawaab rakh dete hain. Maine toh kabhi kisi se
alag nahi suna.

Isi par mujhe Fehmi Badayuni ji ka ek sher yaad aaya —
*Hamara **haal** tum bhi puchhte ho...*
KHAIR, tumhe toh malum hona chahiye

Aur Parveen Shakir ka ek sher tha —
Kasie kah du ki mujhe chhod diya hai usne
*Vo toh mere '**thik hu**'bolne per yakin kr baitha tha*

Aur Nasir Kazmi ka ek tha ki —
*Vo pucchte hai **haal** aur haal maan lete hai*
Ab unke puchhne me vo baat nhi rhi

*Jab maine unse kaha ki "**main theek hoon**,"
aur usne is baat par yakeen kar liya —
yeh woh lamha tha jab mujhe ehsaas
hone laga ki hum phir se ajnabi ban chuke hain.*

— Brijwasi

*Aur main bataaun? Usne kya soch kar kaha hoga "kaash
tum mere haal poochh lete," ya "tum meri haal-chaal kyun
nahi poochte, kaisi ho, kya kar rahi ho." Usne shayad yeh
socha hoga —
jis par ek kavita bhi hai:-*

Haal

Kabhi poochh lo tum haal mera, galti se hi sahi,
mai khush ho jaaunga ye sochkar, ki tumhe parwah hai meri.
Kabhi poochh lo tum haal mera, beman se hi sahi,
mai jhooth keh dunga tumse ki,
bahut khush hoon tumhare bina.
Mujhe yaad hai jab tum mili thi mujhe,
maine woh aansu ponchhe the, jinki wajah mai nahi tha.
Par afsos karta hoon, ki rulaya maine bhi hai tumhe.
Kabhi poochh lo tum haal mera, galti se hi sahi,
mai nahi bataunga tumhe apne aansuon ke baare me.
Kabhi poochh lo tum haal mera mere yaaron se hi sahi,
unhe bhi to lage, ki tum bhi yaad karti ho mujhe.
Kabhi poochh lo tum haal mera mujhse aankh milaakar,
mai muskuraunga aise, jaise tumne kabhi mujhe toda hi nhi.
Kabhi poochh lo tum haal mera, jaise har shaam poochhti thi.
Shayad arse baad mai chain se so paaunga.
Mai dua karta hoon tumhare liye,
na dukhe kabhi dil tumhara,
na chhoote kabhi tumhare chehre ki hansii,
na rote hue kabhi karo tum yaad mujhe.
Mai dua karta hoon ki,
na kabhi pahucho tum us haal me kabhi,
jo haal tha tumhara mere aane se pehle,
aur jo haal hua mera, tumhare jaane ke baad.

— Brijwasi

Adhura Jawab

Maine yeh poora msg likhna shuru kiya — woh sab kuchh jo upar likha hai, woh poori kavita, woh poora jawaab jo maine itne dino tak nahi diya tha.

Jab tak main yeh likh hi raha tha...

...woh jaa chuki thi. Wahan, jahan pariyaan rehti hain, wahan jahan se woh aayi thi.

Maine apna phone band kar diya, lekin screen ki roshni kaafi der tak aankhon ke andar jalti rahi.

Shayad aise log aate hi hain — chand dino ke liye, kuchh naya khwaab dikhane ke liye, nayi khwaahish jagaane ke liye, zindagi ki raushni jagaane ke liye. Uske aane se jo maine apne andar sudhaar, badlaav laana shuru kar diya tha, ek jeene ki nayi umeed jagaa kar woh chali gayi.

Galti agar kisi ki hai, toh shayad meri hi hai — shayad itna lamba upar wala msg likhte-likhte hi, ya fir shayad uska bulaava aa gaya ho.

Munir Niazi ki ek poori nazm yaad aa gayi mujhe, us pal. Uska poora bhaav yehi tha — ki kisi insaan ko har zaroori kaam mein hamesha der ho jaati hai. Kisi ko awaaz deni ho, wapas bulana ho, kisi dost ka dil rakhna ho, kisi se milne jaana ho, kisi ko yaad rakhna ho ya bhula dena ho, kisi ko maut se pehle kisi gham se bachana ho, kisi ko jaake sach bata dena ho — woh insaan hamesha der kar deta hai. Aur is baar bhi, jab sabse zaroori jawaab dene ka waqt aaya, maine der kar di.

Aur unki puri line yeh hai:-

Hamesha Der Kar Deta Hoon Mai

*Hamesha der kar deta hoon mai har kaam karne me,
zaroori baat kehni ho, koi waada nibhaana ho.
Use awaaz deni ho, use waapas bulaana ho,*

hamesha der kar deta hoon mai.

*Madad karni ho uski, yaar ki dhaaras bandhaana ho,
bahut deri na raaston par kisi se milne jaana ho.*

Hamesha der kar deta hoon mai.

*Badalte mausamon ki sair me dil ko lagaana ho,
kisi ko yaad rakhna ho, kisi ko bhool jaana ho.*

Hamesha der kar deta hoon mai.

*Kisi ko maut se pehle, kisi gham se bachaana ho,
haqeeqat aur thi kuch, usko jaa ke ye bataana ho.*

Hamesha der kar deta hoon mai har kaam karne me...

Fir mujhe lagta hai —

***log aapko palkon par baithaate hain, sirf nazron se girane
ke liye.***

*Zaalimon ka shahar hai, zara sambhal kar chalna —
yahan log seene se lagaakar dil nikaal lete hain.*

Yeh ek kavita uske liye..

Zindagi Agar Khwaab Hui To

*Zindagi agar khwaab hui to,
maut agar laajawaab hui to.*

*Tumhe laga mai khaamosh hoon,
khaamoshi meri awaaz hui to.*

*Tum boli, "mohabbat nahi hai tumhe."
Mai bola, agar behisaab hui to.*

*Mai yahan sabse naaraaz hoon,
zindagi mujhse naaraaz hui to.*

*Mai samjha hoon ki tum aayi ho,
ye agar phir teri yaad hui to.*

*Muskuraa raha hoon mai tere saamne,
ye aankh agar tere baad royi to.*

*Woh boli, "**Kitna hi likha hoga.**"*
Mai bola, agar poori kitaab hui to.

*Tumhe ye faqat shayari lagi?
Ye mere dil ki aag hui to?*

Mai tere zikr me bhi nahi, aur tu mujhe lafz-lafz yaad hai.

—Brijwashi

Uske Baad

Uske jaane ke baad se hi sab kuchh khaali-khaali sa lagne laga tha. Jaise kuchh chhoot gaya ho, kuchh kho gaya ho — aisa kuchh jiska naam bhi nahi diya jaa sakta, sirf mehsoos kiya jaa sakta hai.

Kuchh hi samay baad meri tabiyat bigadne lagi thi. Khud ko kitna bhi rokoon, jo hona tha woh ho hi gaya. Ab bas rah gayi thi toh sirf uski yaadein. Aur uski baatein mere jahan me aakar baith gai.

Aise log rukte kyun nahi? Kya aise log farishte hote hain, bhagwan ke pyare? *Itni jaldi kya thi Brijlata ko*, mujhe is maya mein chhod kar jaane ki? Aakhir jinko jaana hota hai, woh aate hi kyun hain itne haseen ban kar — sirf khwab dikhane ke liye?

Brijlata ko shayad kuchh asar na hua ho, jahaan bhi ho woh ab. Lekin yeh toh pakka hai ki Brijwasi theek nahi hai. Kya woh ab khush hoga sach mein? Kya woh uski batayi hui baaton ko maanta chala jaayega — jaldi sona, jaldi uthna, kitaabein padhna? Kya uski kami mehsoos nahi karega?

Ek sawaal ab hamesha tadpata hai,
jaise seene mein ek aag jal rahi ho jo kabhi shaant nahi ho
sakti — "***tumhe kuchh kahna hai...?***" Woh kaunsi baat thi
jo Brijlata jaanna chahti thi, jo Brijwasi kabhi poora keh hi
nahi paaya, jo woh sunna chahti thi?

Us gaane ka raaz, "*aankhon ka baan,*" jo

Brijwasi ne kabhi gaaya nahi. Woh "*tasveer*",

jo Brijwasi ne kabhi bheja hi nahi.

Woh baat — "*suno, kisi ladki se baat mat karna*" —
ab sirf ek awaaz reh gayi hai, jo kabhi kisi aur ke liye nahi
sunayi degi.

Aur bahut saare waade, ek adhuri wada ki tarah rah gaye
— use Delhi aur Uttarakhand se bahar poora India
ghumaana, Banaras ki galiyon se waakif karaana, Banaras
ke har khaane ko apne haathon se khilaana, har kadam par
uska saath dene ka wada.

Ek raat, jab neend phir bhi nahi aayi, maine usse ek khat likha — jaante hue ki woh kabhi padh nahi paayegi, lekin shayad likhne se hi kuchh halka ho jaaye.

Brijlata,

*Tumne poochha tha — "**tumhe kuchh kahna hai?**" Maine hamesha taal diya, sochta tha kal de doonga jawaab, subah de doonga. Aaj de raha hoon, itni der se ki tum sun hi nahi paogi.*

*Haan, **mujhe kuchh kahna hai.***

*Mujhe kahna hai ki jis raat tumne mujhse poocha tha "**main kaisi lagti hoon**" maine kavita likh di thi, lekin sach poochho toh kavita kam padti hai tumhare liye. Mujhe kahna hai ki maine us gaane ko kabhi gaaya nahi jo tum sunna chahti thi, kyunki sochta tha kabhi milenge toh saamne gaa kar sunaunga — ab woh gaana sirf mere gale mein hi reh gaya hai. Mujhe kahna hai ki woh tasveer jo tumne maangi thi, woh maine isliye nahi bheji thi kyunki dar tha — dar ki jo tasveer mein dikhta hoon, woh shayad woh insaan na ho jisse tumne pyaar kiya tha. Ab lagta hai galti ho gayi — tumne kaha tha tum mujhe jaise bhi hoon accept karogi, aur main, main hi dar gaya.*

Mujhe kahna hai — main theek nahi hoon, Brijlata. Tumne jo poochha tha aakhri baar, uska sach jawaab yehi hai.

Mujhe kahna hai — I love you. Bahut der ho gayi yeh kehne mein, lekin tumne hi sikhaya tha na — der se sahi, baat keh deni chahiye.

Khat yahin khatam ho gaya tha. Aage likhne ke liye shabd nahi bache the.

Phir bhi, kuchh tha jo bach gaya tha. Woh kitaabein jo maine padhna seekha tha uski wajah se, woh ab bhi mez par rakhi hain, aur main unhe padhta hoon — kabhi uske liye, kabhi khud ke liye, ab fark karna mushkil hai. Woh English jo woh sikhane wali thi, woh adhuri reh gayi, lekin jo usne sikha diya tha, woh kabhi nahi bhoola. Har baar jab koi meri tareef karta hai, ek pal ke liye lagta hai ki woh kahin se sun rahi hai, aur muskura rahi hai.

Shayad yehi pyaar ka sabse sachha roop hai — woh insaan chala jaata hai, lekin jo usne tumhe sikhaya, jo usne tumhe banaya, woh tumhare saath rehta hai, hamesha.

Epilogue

Brijlata, Hamesha

Maine yeh kitaab usi adhure jawaab ko poora karne ke liye likhi thi — yaad hai? Maine shuru mein hi kaha tha.

Ab, jab aakhri panna likh raha hoon, lagta hai shayad *jawaab kabhi poora ho hi nahi sakta*. Kuchh sawaal aise hote hain jinka jawaab dene ke liye waqt sirf ek baar milta hai, aur jab woh waqt nikal jaata hai, baaki zindagi sirf us na-diye-gaye jawaab ke saath guzarni padti hai.

Lekin ek baat ka mujhe yakeen hai — Brijlata, tum sirf chand dinon ke liye nahi aayi thi. Tum is kitaab ke har panne mein ho, har sher mein, har adhure waade mein, har us aadat mein jo tumne mujhe sikhayi. Jab tak yeh kitaab koi padhega, tum zinda rahogi — kisi aur ke zehen mein, kisi aur ke dil mein, waise hi jaise tum mere mein rahi ho.

Tumne kaha tha — "*main accept karoongi tumhe jaise bhi ho, tumhari soul bahut pure hai*." Main chahta hoon tum bhi jaano — tumhari soul bhi, jaisi bhi thi, jahan bhi thi, sabse pure thi jo maine kabhi dekhi.

Brijlata Ke Naam

Jo do din me mili, sadiyon ki kahaani ban gayi,
jo hans ke aayi thi, ab aankhon ka paani ban gayi.
Maine maangi thi mohlat, "**Kal bata dunga**," kehkar,
woh kal kabhi aaya nahi, bas ek nishaani ban gayi.

Tumne poochha tha haal mera,
maine jhooth kaha, "**Theek hoon**."
Ab har raat us jhooth ki keemat chukaani padti hai.
Tumhara woh geet, jo hothon tak aakar ruk gaya,
aaj bhi khaamoshi me wahi dhun bajaani padti hai.

Na bheji tasveer, na gaya woh geet pahaadon ka,
na pura hua woh waada, jo Delhi se baahar ka tha.
Tum chaand se behtar thi, ye maine likh to diya,
magar chaand ab bhi hai, aur tum...
sirf ek yaadon ka ghar ban gayi.

Kehte hain farishte rukte nahi, ud jaate hain jaldi.
Par itni jaldi bhi koi farishta udta hai kya?

Tumne sikhaya jeena, aur phir khud chali gayi.
Ye insaaf hai tera, Brijlata... ya koi saza hai kya?

Brijvaasi ab bhi roz tumse poochhta hai haal apna,
jaan kar bhi ki jawaab ab kabhi nahi aayega.
"Tumhe kuch kehna hai?" Ye sawal ab bhi jalta hai.
Aur ye aag, meri Brijlata... ab kabhi nahi bujhegi.

—Brijvaasi, uski yaad me, hamesha ke liye.

Mujhe abhi tak nahi pata yeh kitaab kaise khatam karu.
Shayad kahaniyaan khatam hoti hi nahi
— woh sirf wahin thak jaati hain, jahan shabd kam pad jaate hain.

Brijlata, yeh kitaab tumhare liye thi.
Ab yeh tumhari ho gayi

The End

